

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, JULY 29, 1805.

NO. 8.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

The History of Imlac.

THE close of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only season of diversion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the music ceased, and the princesses retired. Rasselas then called for his companion, and required him to begin the story of his life.

"Sir," said Imlac, "my history will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire, and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself."

"I was born in the kingdom of Gojama at no great distance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Africa and the ports of the Red Sea. He was honest, frugal, and diligent, but of mean sentiments and narrow comprehension: he desired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, lest he should be spoiled by the governors of the province."

"Surely," said the prince, "my father must be negligent of his charge, if any man in his dominions dare take that which belongs to another. Does he not know that kings are accountable for injustice permitted as well as done? If I were emperor, not the meanest of my subjects should be oppressed with impunity. My blood boils when I am told that a merchant durst not enjoy his honest gains for fear of losing them by the rapacity of power. Name the governor who robbed the people, that I may declare his crimes to the emperor."

"Sir," said Imlac, "your ardour is the natural effect of virtue animated by youth: the time will come when you will acquit your father, and perhaps hear with less impatience of the governor. Oppression is, in the Abissinian dominions, neither frequent nor tolerated; but no form of government has been yet discovered by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. Subordination supposes power on one part, and subjection on the other; and if power be in the hands of men, it will sometimes be abused. The vigilance of the supreme magistrate may do much, but much will still remain undone. He can never know all the crimes that are committed, and can seldom punish all that he knows."

"This," said the prince, "I do not understand; but I had rather hear thee than dispute. Continue thy narration."

"My father," proceeded Imlac, "originally intended that I should have no other education than such as might qualify me for commerce; and discovering in me great strength of memory, and quickness of apprehension, often declared his hope that I should be some time the richest man in Abissinia."

"Why," said the prince, "did thy father desire the increase of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durst discover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconsistencies cannot both be true."

"Inconsistencies," answered Imlac, "cannot both be right, but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diversity is not inconsistency. My father might expect a time of greater security. However, some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy."

"This," said the prince, "I can in some measure conceive. I repent that I interrupted thee."

"With this hope," proceeded Imlac, "he sent me to school; but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleasure of intelligence and the pride of invention, I began silently to despise riches, and determined to disappoint the purpose of my father, whose grossness of conception raised my pity. I was twenty years old before his tenderness would expose me to the fatigue of travel, in which time I had been instructed, by successive masters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me something new, I lived in a continual course of gratifications: but, as I advanced towards manhood, I lost much of the reverence with which I had been used to look on my instructors; because, when the lesson was ended, I did not find them wiser or better than common men."

"At length my father resolved to initiate me in commerce, and, opening one of his subterranean treasuries, counted out ten thousand pieces of gold. This, young man, said he, is the stock with which you must negotiate. I began with less than the fifth part, and you see how diligence and parsimony have increased it. This is your own to waste or to improve. If you squander it by negligence or caprice, you must wait for my death before you will be rich; if in four years you double your stock, we will thenceforward let subordination cease, and live together as friends and partners; for he shall always be equal with me, who is equally skilled in the art of growing rich."

"We laid our money upon camels, concealed in bales of cheap goods, and travelled to the shore of the Red Sea. When I cast my eye on the expanse of waters, my heart bounded like that of a prisoner escaped. I felt an unextinguishable curiosity kindle in my mind, and resolved to snatch this opportunity of seeing the manners of other nations, and of learning sciences unknown in Abissinia."

"I remembered that my father had obliged me to the improvement of my stock, not by a

promise which I ought not to violate, but by a penalty which I was at liberty to incur; and therefore determined to gratify my predominant desire, and, by drinking at the fountains of knowledge, to quench the thirst of curiosity.

"As I was supposed to trade without connexion with my father, it was easy for me to become acquainted with the master of a ship, and procure a passage to some other country. I had no motives of choice to regulate my voyage; it was sufficient for me that, wherever I wandered, I should see a country which I had not seen before. I therefore entered a ship bound for Surat, having left a letter for my father declaring my intention."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Education.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

(BY REQUEST.)

A VALEDICTORY ORATION,

Delivered June 5, 1805, in the University of Pennsylvania, for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

BY THOMAS KITTERA.

To correct the depravity of the human heart...to subdue the licentiousness of desire, under the salutary controul of enlightened reason and morality—early to invigorate all its virtuous tendencies, and enable them to maintain their ascendancy over the dangers and temptations to which human life is invariable exposed—in a word, to advance human nature in whatever is valuable and useful...to improve man in the acquisition of such habits and dispositions as fit him for acting his part with propriety on the stage of this world, and prepare him thus for entering a more glorious state of action hereafter, is to confer on human nature, the most exalted blessings of which it is susceptible, as well as the most inestimable advantages to society. Such are the great objects of early mental improvement, and rectitude of heart; and such are the high and important purposes, which a liberal education eminently tends to promote. Deeply I feel how inadequate I am to shed any lustre on this subject, or to unfold the advantages of a liberal education. I invoke your patient indulgence. I know that nothing but your kind benevolence, and earnest desire to foster even the feeble essays of genius, can save you from disgust, or me from confusion.

When we undertake to illustrate the excellencies, and enumerate the benefits of a liberal education, we have embarked in a vast and arduous undertaking: indeed, nothing less than to bring to view the civilized and enlightened world from the remotest period of antiquity; for the liberal arts and sciences have raised from barbarism and ignorance into knowledge

and refinement, into glory and celebrity, every people, nation, or kingdom into which they have been introduced, and by whom they have been assiduously cultivated and cherished. What was Greece but a horde of savages, who seemed to dispute with the beasts of the field, their caverns and the mangled victims of their ferociousness, until Inachus first introduced among them his Egyptian colony? What was even Attica before Cecrops conceived and executed the noble and generous design of subduing them by the benign influence of the arts and sciences? What was Ancient Rome but a banditti of robbers, until she became more truly the mistress of the world, by her superiority in the arts and sciences, than by her victories? Nay, even the hardy barbarians of the North, who seemed as impervious to mental illumination as their wilderness to the sun; as unsusceptible of cultivation as their rocks, have experienced the irresistible powers of the arts and sciences, and astonished the world with such and so many proficients in every species of literature, as to have rivalled the brightest ornaments of antiquity....whilst, alas! the once happy Egypt, the mother, the source and dispenser of light to all the adjacent realms of intellectual darkness, now presents to our view a mournful spectacle of the decadency of literature. And thou, once happy Greece, the seat of learning, taste, and all the arts....the prolific parent of the most eminent heroes, poets, orators, and artists, how art thou fallen! What has the ruthless hand of barbarism and tyranny permitted thee to retain of all thy former glory, wealth and liberty, but merely ruins, over which learning and fair science have, and long will shed a tear.

In what high estimation, therefore, ought we not to hold these so fertile sources of all mundane blessings. With what indefatigable ardor, and noble emulation, ought they not to be cultivated, by every people who have been blessed in their possession. If nations boast of the wise form of their government, of the justice and humanity of their laws, the integrity of their chief administrators, of the refinement of their manners, and the skill and intrepidity of their warriors, of their magnanimity of mind and generosity of spirit, of their patriotism, eloquence, learning, and the diffusion of every other kind of intellectual improvement....let them be just, however, in paying tribute to the illustrious models which antiquity presents for their imitation. Let them generously encourage the advancement of the liberal arts and sciences, and bear strongly impressed on their minds, this awful lesson...that, with the improvement or neglect of the arts and sciences, they either will maintain the eminent point of glory which they have already attained, or immerse again into the degraded and opprobrious state into which other once illustrious nations are now sunk. The truth of this observation must strike conviction into every one, who will attentively reflect on the nature, faculties and powers of the human mind. For, though we all enter alike into this world, endowed with an immortal spirit, though nature may make a considerable difference in the tempers and understandings of men: yet the most considerable difference and striking disparity between the individuals of the human race, arise from

the differences of mental culture and improvement. Let us compare the wretched African of the present day with those who existed in the days when Carthage rivalled Rome: or let us compare any savage just come from his native desert, with almost any one whose mind has been tintured by the first rudiments of science and civilization: though both may be perhaps of equal capacity, yet the latter will exceed the former as much, perhaps more, than he exceeds the brute.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

CAPE MAY'S BEACH.

An Imitation of Mrs. Robinson's Haunted Beach.

ON Cape May's lonely desert beach,
Where, on the barren sand,
The foaming surf with fury roars,
A stranger sad did stand.
He view'd the billows near him bound,
And hollow was his eye,
And wildly did he gaze around,
And mournful was the broken sound
Of his heart-rending sigh.

O, stranger! say, what are thy cares?
What thus art sighing for?
Can ought be done to ease thy woes?
O! speak, and weep no more!
Away, he cried; young man refrain,
No mortal can me save;
No earthly pow'r can ease my pain,
Till death, by me invok'd in vain,
Shall lay me in the grave.

Yet, hear! a seaman bold I was,
And dar'd the stormy main;
I doated on a charming lass,
And tho't her heart was mine:
For her I brav'd the billows high,
It was to make her rich;
For her I toil'd, without a sigh,
Beneath Africa's burning sky,
Or on cold Greenland's beach.

In sight once more of Jersey's shore,
We gaz'd on't with delight;
But see, the winds around us roar,
In vain the gale we fight:
Our gallant vessel strikes, and torn
Sinks in the gaping deep:
Whilst I, on friendly mainmast borne,
Land in this solitude forlorn,
And for my messmates weep.

Deceitful hope now bids me rise,
And, with a lighter heart,
I bend my steps to Mary's door,
Resolv'd no more to part:
But that same morn she'd married been
To one more gay and rich;
With broken heart, with sorrow keen,
I look'd her adieu, and yestere'en
Came back unto this beach.

And there for Mary have I pray'd,
That happy may she be;
That sometimes may the fickle maid
Sigh as she thinks of me.
Now welcome death's resistless sway,
He said, and swiftly fled;
And where the rocks o'erhang the bay,
He sprung amidst the whit'ning spray,
And sunk in's wat'ry bed.

But now each night his spirit sad
On Cape May's beach is seen;
When wintry gales blow loud and cold,
It seems to enjoy the scene:
But when by summer's moonlight clear
The billow gently plays,
It calls on Mary, Mary dear,
And, in voice soothing to the ear,
For faithless Mary prays.

At Sea.

H. P.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE approbation which my last letter met with from every candid and ingenious mind, has induced me again to launch forth in defence of female innocence, and to endeavour to satisfy those idle prattlers who deny my right to attempt it, and inquire upon what it is founded. As these inquirers consist only of those persons who feel a self-conviction of its appropriate application, I shall not enter into a minute argumentation on the subject, in order to convince them of my right: but will merely answer that it is founded on my esteem and respect for the ladies whom I defend. I do not pretend to justify the conduct of women generally; my object is merely to intimate to the world, that the conduct of those who are thus calumniated, does not justify the liberties that are taken, and the artful representations that are made; and, moreover, to attempt to convince those dexterous calumniators of the propriety of my own conduct, as well as the justice of my assertions, the confirmation of which I have witnessed more than once even since my last.

If those persons are asked why they conduct themselves in this manner? one will answer, I can see no impropriety in it; another, I always regulate my conduct according to the company I am in. I would, then, ask the former, were your sister treated in this manner, would not your whole soul be fired with rage against the fellow who would thus dare to insult her? Yes; if you possess one spark of fraternal affection, if your soul is not lost to every sentiment of honour and propriety, every nerve would be exerted to avenge her cause? To the latter, I must say, that he either has vitiated ideas of propriety, or he acts in open and direct violation of them; for such conduct he cannot pretend to justify, only so far as respects those ladies who tacitly submit to his shameless impudence; if, then, those ladies do countenance it (which I very much doubt, having never witnessed it myself) if you are a gentleman, and if you have correct sentiments of propriety, why do you associate with them; for certainly such is not the conduct of ladies, and one who frequents such company is as criminal as they themselves. Fain would I have relinquished this second attempt, had I not discovered that what was at first only rumoured among a few, was gradually swelling into a public topic, and would tend ultimately to the injury of some spotless cherub. My right, I have before said, was founded on my esteem, and I will now endeavour to produce the same conviction of its justice, which has influenced my own judgment and that of every candid person.

It is, I believe, a universal opinion, that man has an acknowledged right to defend the character of his friend; and this being granted, although I am not conscious that those ladies, or any of them, have a friendship for me, yet do I profess myself to be so much their friend as to discountenance any aspersions on their conduct, convinced as I am that they are perfectly innocent: noble is the cause, and ever will I glory to embark in it, be the consequence what it may. Whatever slan-

derous reports may be circulated, I trust, sir, that they will be looked upon as the fictions of artful and ruthless traducers, and of men devoid of every sentiment of honour. I speak thus plain, not that I delight in it, but because the nature of my cause is such as to require it.

A FRIEND OF VIRTUE.

Princeton, July 25, 1805.

FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A YOUNG gentleman in the military academy at Paris, eat nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank only water. The governor, attributing this singularity to some excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however, continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup, and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriously. But I cannot persuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I have left my father and mother." The governor could not refrain from tears at this filial sensibility. "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?" "No," replied the youth. "For a twelvemonth past he has been soliciting one; the want of money has obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country." "Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you have represented it, I promise to obtain for him a pension of 500 livres a year. And since your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences; and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance." "Ah! sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me; but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

EXEMPLARY PROBITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.

THE Ostiacks, a people of that part of Siberia which borders upon Samoieda, bear the common appellation given to the natives of those countries...that of *Savages*: yet are these savages distinguished by uncorrupted morals: theft and perjury are unknown to them; and they keep inviolable their engagements. Of this singular probity, a Swedish officer relates the following remarkable instances. "In 1792, I set out from Cransnojarsk, on the river Jenisa, accompanied only by a Swedish servant, about 15 years old. Deserted by the Russian guide whom the commandant had given me, I found myself obliged to traverse alone, with this lad, those vast countries inhabited by Pagans only. I lodged in their huts, and they gave me every

accommodation in their power. The small stock of furs I had remained in an open tent, inhabited by a numerous family; and I did not lose the most trifling article. I shall mention another instance of the great integrity of these people. A Russian merchant, travelling from Tobolski to Borisow, took up his quarters for the night in an Ostiack hut. The next day he lost, at some distance from his lodging, a purse containing 100 roubles. The very son of the man from whom he had received such hospitable treatment, returning one day from hunting, happened to pass by the spot on which the purse had fallen; but he saw it, without attempting to take it up. When he returned to his hut, he only observed, that on his way home, he had seen a purse full of silver, and that he had left it there. His father instantly sent him back to the place, and ordered him to cover the purse with earth, and some branches of trees, to secrete it from the eyes of travellers, that the owner might find his property on the same spot, if ever he came back to enquire for it. The purse remained in that place for three months. The Russian, on his return from Borisow, lodged again in the hut of the same hospitable Ostiack, and informed him of the misfortune he had met with in losing his purse the very day that he had left him. 'Ah!' answered the Ostiack, 'it is you then that have lost a purse! Well, make yourself easy; my son shall conduct you to the place where it is, and you may pick it up yourself.' The merchant went accordingly, and found his purse on the very spot where he had dropped it.

ON BEAUTY.

THOUGH beauty is, with the most apt similitude, (I had almost said with the most literal truth,) called a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity; yet there is, methinks, a kind of beauty which lives even to old age; a beauty that is not in the features, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *shines through them*. As it is not merely corporeal, it is not the object of mere sense; nor is it to be discovered, but by persons of true taste, and refined sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility, nice touches of delicacy, sense, and even virtue, which, like the master traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that are captivated with vivid colours, and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the *form* of beauty with a *living soul*. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth is but a "kneaded clod;" and with this, the features that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, an inexpressible charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

FRIENDSHIP, commonly so called, is no more than partnership; a reciprocal regard for each other's interest, and an exchange of good offices. In a word, mere traffic, wherein self-love always proposes to be the gainer.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

We love those who admire *us*, more than those whom *we* admire.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK,

IN THE CHARACTER OF LEAR.

WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he in the first four acts received the customary tokens of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion: it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner: and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way, than by supposing the dramatic personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat very far back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff; and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff: the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR mathematical friend will excuse us in not giving place to his questions. We would readily have complied with his request, but considering the inconvenience that might arise for want of room, and the difficulty, likely at times, of getting suitable diagrams engraved, we think it best to let such subjects alone.

The versification of the Fable from the German of Gelbert, by M. G. LEWIS, will, on account of its merit, have a place in our next.

MARRIED,

At Maidenhead, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. WALTER SMITH, Printer, to Miss BERSHEBA ROZEL; both of that place.

Lately, at Saxton on the Wolds, Yorkshire (England) a man of the name of WOOD, aged seventy-five years, to a blooming young woman aged eighty, who had already buried three husbands, while the bridegroom had performed the same ceremony to five former wives. The bride, who had walked with a crutch for two years, amorously threw it away as she went to the church.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

BY MRS. OPIE.

MOTHER! when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.
That guilty child, so long disowned,
Can then, blest thought! no more offend!
And, shouldst thou deem my crimes atoned,
O deign my orphan to befriend;
That orphan, who, with trembling hand,
To thee will give my dying pray'r;
Canst thou my dying prayer withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care?
O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see....
But let her look thy love bespeak,
For once that face was dear to thee.
Gaze on....and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caus'd those tears.
And in my pure and artless child
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smil'd,
And guilt by name alone she knew.
Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.
But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise,
And ah! in vain my orphan mourns:
Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delay'd.
For pardon (most, alas! denied [shame])
When pardon might have snatch'd from
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,
Had check'd my guilt, and sav'd my fame.
And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smooth'd,
Wip'd the chill moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness sooth'd.
For, oh! the means to soothe my pain
My poverty has still deni'd:
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means suppli'd.
Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
I'd clos'd my eyes upon thy breast....
Expiring, while thy faltering tongue,
Pardon in kindest tones express'd.
O, sounds which I must never hear!
Through years of woe my fond desire!
O, mother! spite of all most dear,
Must I, unblest by thee, expire?
Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget;
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crush'd my hopes when last we met.
But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own:
O mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou wouldst not have the heart to frown.
But see! my orphan's cheeks displays
Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine, in happier days,
So fondly charm'd thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws:
Grief her lov'd parents pang to see;
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore:
And thus in tenderest accents speak,
"Sweet orphan, thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
O! am I not by hope beguil'd?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no;—forbid it, gracious heav'n!
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
That she be lov'd, and I forgiv'n!

THE BARD OF FINGAL;

OR, THE CURSE OF SEDUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

.....CHEER up my daughter!...hopeless
though thou art, never was the aid of these
aged arms denied to the children of sorrow.
I know thou art faint and weary, as the hart
stricken by the hunter,....as the wounded chief
in the day of battle; and when thou fallest, no
stone shall point out thy bed.But cheer up,
daughter....yet a little longer cheer up thy
strength, oh, wanderer of night;.....near is the
dwelling of the deceitful Cradmor, oh, yellow-
haired daughter of Morva!-----Tell me not
that thy eyes shall behold him no more;....tell
me not that they are dim already,....that the
shades of the mountain beckon thee away; for
the heart of the Bard of Fingal even now
bleeds for thee! Alas! thou art hastening to
the land of darkness;....but when the harp
sounds in the hall of Cradmor, he, too, shall
heave a sigh for the wretched corpse of the
daughter of Morva!-----Open thy
gates, thou destroyer of peace!....speak com-
fort to the heart which thy cruelty has broken;
....bless her with a smile, thou bane of virtue!
.....Alas! he comes not!.....drowned in the
mirth of songs, and flushed with the wine of
joy, he hears not the expiring groan of the
daughter of Morva!.....Cold blows the wind
through the wintry thorn,....but he hears it
not;.....ruthless is the tempest that beats the
head of the daughter of Morva,....but he feels it
not.....Though now he be at peace, nor thinks
of thee, yet, as venomous as the serpent's fang
shall his conscience be; and the wild fowl of
the cliffs shall shriek out his destiny. The
gale of the evening shall bear thy sighs to him,
as he returneth from the chase; the wind of
the desert shall howl in his ears the name of
Morva;....in the visions of the night shall he
see thee;....and the cricket shall whisper of
Morva!.....In the field of battle, nerveless
shall his arm be....powerless as the shadows on
the hill:....the cataract from the mountain shall
tell him of thee, and the leaves of the forest
shall make him afraid. He shall call on the
injured fair one,....but she shall not hear;.....
he shall invoke a blessing from the yellow
haired daughter of Morva,....but the wind shall
scatter his prayers like the down of the thistle;
and swift as the bolt of Heaven shall his de-
spair be.

Anecdotes.

PERICLES was never known to give way to
anger, let the provocation be what it would....
He was once for a whole day loaded with re-
proaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. Peri-
cles bore it with patience and silence, conti-
nued in public for the dispatch of some ur-
gent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly
home, the wretch following and insulting him
all the way. When he came to his own door,
it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of
his servants to take a torch, and light the man
home.

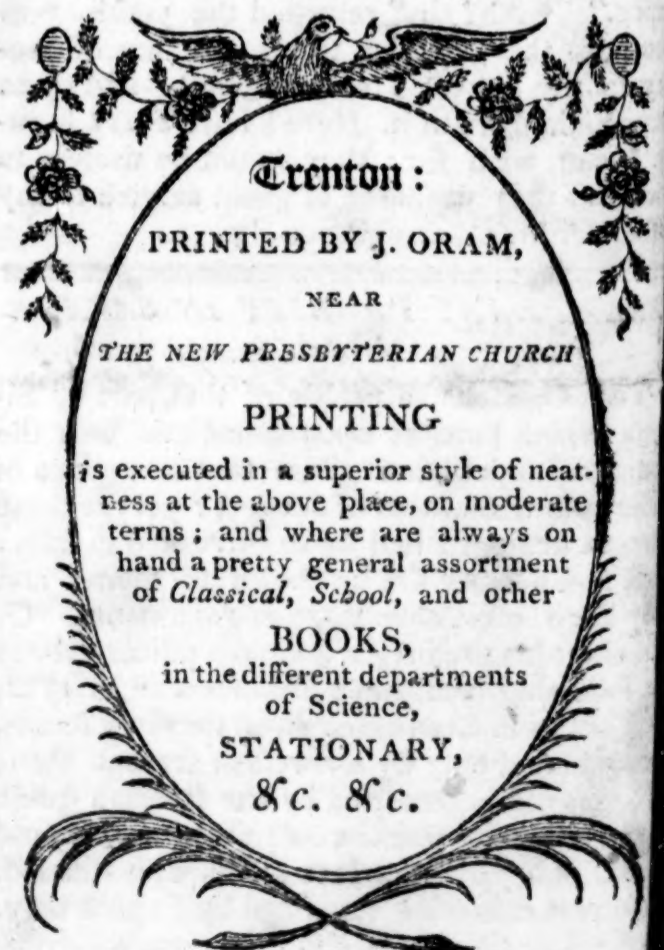
A sailor, having broke a pane of glass in a
shop window at Rochester, on being informed
it came to 5s. 3d. gave the owner half a gui-
nea; and when offered the change, cried out,
"Never mind!" He then broke another, and
said, "Now we are even."

The *petit maitres* have been described as re-
sembling a pair of tongs. Falstaff's descrip-
tion of Slender is infinitely more humorous
and appropriate: He was like "a forked
dish, with a head most fantastically carved."

Mr. Chishul, in his travels, relates it rather
as a laughable circumstance, that a *taylor* first
discovered the *cabbage-tree* on the coast of
Africa.

The Miscellany.

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